

The Republican.

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TO THE CHRISTIAN JUDGE BAILEY.

LETTER XXI.

Dorchester Gaol, Sept. 18, Year 1724 of
that horrid perversion of Paganism
called Christianity.

GRAVE OLD GENTLEMEN,

IN length of days, you seem likely to witness the exit of Paganism from this land; you are likely to outlive that part of your Christian law. Christianity is so pretty and consoling a delusion to an old man, that I, even I, an Atheist, feel sorry at his deprivation, and now, and hereby, declare to you, that, *I have no pleasure in converting an old man from delusion to rationality, but in the hope that he may be instrumental in instructing a part of the rising generation.* In any other sense, it matters not, with what opinions an old man dies. The young and the middle aged, all under fifty, are those whom I would lead into correct notions of men and things. And were not Christianity an evil to them, did not religion degrade them, I would be silent and leave them to hug the delusion, perhaps, lament, that I could not do the same. But I do perceive religion to be vice; I see that priestcraft enslaves and impoverishes them, that it keeps them ignorant, that so long as a man be religious, he is in a state of bondage, he wears mental chains, and his means of improving his condition are either withheld or destroyed. I see that religion generates pain to the human race. I mark the moans and wretchedness it occasions. They strike hard and deep on my sensations; and, I am thenceforth impelled to war with it, to war with you and all your Gods, to endeavour to rescue future generations, the present in part, or as far as possible, from this series of evils.

Old man! evils are not things to be got rid of by prayers; they must be combatted and conquered. There is

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scarcely an evil incident to man, but knowledge, and a prudent application of it, can avert. You shall not mention an evil to me, that is now found among mankind, for which I cannot prescribe a remedy; not that I can individually carry every remedy into effect; but each may do it for himself, and all, where the matter is aggregate, for themselves.

The desire of a change of subject, and a stimulating recollection of unperformed promise, have urged me again to open your *Noted Common Prayer Book*, to proceed in *noting* what is most *notable* in your *notes*. But, before I resume this subject, I will memorialize you on what has passed since my last.

For myself—I have been playing the devil with the Gods, their habitations, and inhabitants; and, on the other hand, I have been doing what a God should have done with the Devil, his habitations, and inhabitants; I have nearly destroyed the whole spiritual crew! I have positively exorcised the inhabitants of many a house, both of Devils and Gods. This, if a miracle, is a reality, which if you require it, shall be verified by men and women before you on affidavit. They shall swear it by the exorcised Devils, by the rejected Gods, by the abhorred Bible, or by any name, that you may think most solemn and most binding. I recommend the word *truth alone*, an avowed love of truth, and an affirmation to abide by it. Other oath-making, being a part of religion, is a vice. This is what I have been doing; and who will dare to say it is a small matter? What have you been doing for your Christianity?

There have been other doings besides this of mine. Another effort, a violent effort, has been made, to try what another persecution would do for the preservation of Gods and Devils, their habitations and inhabitants: and hear it, Old Bailey: for the Old Bailey has heard it! my little band of confederates have soundly beaten your Gods, your Devils, Old Eldon, Young Peel, Little Jef. the Recorder of London, Alderman Hunter and other City Aldermen, and George Maule your Solicitor for the affairs of heaven, hell, church, king, and aristocracy, which are so many affairs injurious and hostile to the affairs of honest men.

Notwithstanding what I have said and do say of Old Eldon and young Peel, a little bird, as the phrase of mystery goes, has lately whispered in my ear, *that so desperate is the affair of the Gods considered in the Cabinet, the Ministers, to condole with, and to console the Bishops, to convince them that all has been done for the Gods that can be done, have*

offered to act upon their instructions, and that this last, this one more effort, to try what further prosecutions and sentences of three years imprisonment would do, was undertaken at the express recommendation of the Bishops; but that these very Bishops, on witnessing the effect produced by the defences made by CAMPION, HASSEL, CLARKE, and HALEY, cried out to the Ministers, to stay all further proceedings, for the sake of the poor expiring Gods, who were worked into a raging fever by the proceedings intended to cure and save them, and were likely, if such treatment were continued, to be sent out of existence in fits of madness!

These are your Gods, Old Bailey! this your religion! As soon as I have told you that I shall enter on my sixth year of imprisonment, on the 16th of October, *I will go to prayers, to your book of Common Prayer with notes.*

I have reached page 154, or the Collect for Whitsunday, and have said something to the purpose about the ascension of Jesus on Ascension Day; but I will step back to ask a question or two further upon that subject. Hast thou yet discovered towards which sign of the Zodiac Jesus rose? Canst thou yet say in what position heaven lies; for *ups and downs* are getting out of fashion with astronomers? Hast thou considered the distance of the first fixed star, between which and the earth heaven cannot be situated, or we should see the Gods, Goddesses, and Godlings, and their Swedenborgian Mansions? Dost thou not know that some *confounding infidels* have calculated, that if the motion of Jesus had been as rapid as the rays of the sun, he could not yet have passed that part of the planetary system which is visible by the aid of the telescope? Ye Christian Gods! and Christians! these are astounding questions to my disposition to become a sincere believing Christian! The early Christians expected, that Jesus would return, as a comet returns in its orbit; but they know nothing of the extent of the elliptic curve he had to make, before he passed the planetary system; and fifty generations have passed in disappointment of this second coming! Besides, he might have been molested in his passage, by a comet, and carried among the sinners of another world, to expiate their Christian propensity to crime. It is impossible for the most skilful astronomer to calculate his return to this minute and insignificant orb which we inhabit; therefore, ye Christians! ye had better not expect it.

The art of flying has long been a speculation, in this and

other countries. One of your Bishops ventured to say, that the time would come, when a man, about to take a journey, would call for his wings, with as little concern as he had been accustomed to call for his boots. I am of the Bishop's notion; but wings do not seem to be the precise thing for human flying. Some vestment sufficiently distended with gas, to make the bulk of the body lighter than the same bulk of atmosphere, seem to be the necessary thing. For this object, I propose a balloon cloak of silk, the lining of which shall be made to fit and fasten well on the body, whilst the outer part shall be so folded and gathered, as to admit of a sufficient distension for ascension. The hood of such a cloak may be so constructed as to contain a large volume of gas; but the body and sleeves, if sleeves can be introduced, with the hood, can certainly be made sufficiently capacious. Ask the Bishops, if they will consent to my making an escape from the Gaol Garden by this means. It will do one thing for you; it will prove the practicability of the ascension of Jesus.

Other aids may be given to motion, after the principle of suspension in the atmosphere be accomplished, in imitation of wings and tail, or other mechanical means. The first object of ærostation is ascension from the earth; until that be done, nothing to the purpose is done. All spiritual discussions are flighty matters; and so much for this flight to improve the art of flying.

At page 155, you say, in a note: "In every thought and action it would be well for us to put to ourselves this question, Is this the thought or action of one in whom Christ or the spirit of truth is dwelling? Can Christ or the spirit of truth be considered as animating us, or dwelling in us, whilst we so act or think?" Did you put this question to yourself in all your sentences of fine and imprisonment upon Anti-Christians? Or with you, is the *judge* a distinct man from the *Christian*? As well as a spiritual and a carnal nature; have you a Christian and a judicial nature equally distinct? I wish you would answer some of my questions, that are put to a purpose; this would soon put your Christ or spirit of truth to the test.

In a note, at page 157, we are told, that "the true Christian doctrine is this: that the sins of those who are conscious of their own unworthiness, who acknowledge that they have no colour to *claim* any recompence from God as *matter of right*, who are sensible that they have sinned, and who humbly look up for pardon through the merits and media-

tion of Jesus Christ, will be forgiven; that their sins will not be imputed to (or brought into account against) them." The true construction of which is, that he who has committed the most crime, and has the highest sense of his depravity, has the best chance of reward hereafter. This is a horrible doctrine, if it be that of the true Christian; and we may not wonder at the abundance of crime, of every kind of vice, among them. We are further told, that the honest man, "who thinks he can stand upon his own merits," and no man can be honest unless he has, and acts upon, this sense, cannot be a Christian, has no share in a Christian salvation. Did I believe the reality of your fictions about Heaven and Hell, I should certainly prefer the company, at least, of the latter, to that of the former place. Pope has written, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God;" Judge Bailey has written, that God prefers the man who is most sensible of having committed crime. You are both wrong; but you, to physical add moral error. There is no God to be consulted, to be pleased or displeased, in the matter. Were there such a God as you paint, he would be an abominable God:—the prospects of mankind would be horrible indeed!

Following up your Christian elucidations, you tell us, that *Ghost is Spirit*. You might as well have said that *Spirit is Ghost*, for what we are the wiser. Tell us what spirit is. We are told, that God is Spirit; but tell us what a spirit is, that we may know something. Until you can do this, every man must remain, what every man has been, *an Atheist*. You are an Atheist, Judge Bailey; I will prove it to you indisputably, if you will come and sit a quarter of an hour with me. I will tell you so, if ever I am again brought before you in the Court of King's Bench. You are a Christian Atheist, which may be translated—a foolish Atheist. I am a rational Atheist, in saying, that I know nothing about Gods or Spirit; but in the misery which these empty ridiculous words bring upon mankind; therefore I detest and lament the use of such words.

At page 150, you contradict yourself. In commenting upon the third chapter of John's Gospel, where it is said: "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God." However applicable this might have been from the

early Christian mythologist to the Pagan mythologist, it is not now in any case to be applied by the Christian. The Christian religion is now the only religion on the face of the earth that feareth the light. All others court examination, or do not punish men for examining. Christianity alone has now the merit of forbidding an enquiry into its origin and foundation. You cannot say, that I love darkness rather than light. You tremble lest my deeds and principles should come to light; and have used every means in your power to keep me in the shade. It is you, Christian Judge Bailey, and your fellow Christians, who see, *that light is come into the world, and who love darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil.* The Court of King's Bench may be truly termed a Christian Pandemonium.

In your note on the foregoing extract, you say, " 'This is the condemnation,' i. e. 'perhaps,' (well might you say *perhaps*) this justifies it, this shews its propriety and reasonableness, that it is *sin* only that obstructs this belief: whoever has a good disposition, is ready to walk in God's commandments, and to do his will, must be convinced: the proofs are so decisive, it is only where the disposition to examine and judge is obstructed by sinful habits and sinful propensities, that belief can be withheld." This, from you, Christian Judge Bailey, is a wicked and abominable falsehood! You have done all that you could do, to forbid a fair examination and sound judgment of the Christian religion, and have here the audacity to tell us, that the proofs are so decisive in its favour, that a want of belief is a sinful want of examination! Woe to you, if Satan were not a fabled being, and if there were such a place as a hell for liars, hypocrites, and wicked men. I should like nothing better than a private interview, or a public discussion with you, to find what decisive proofs you can adduce. We have none of them in your notes on the book of Common Prayer. I am not aware, that you have published any other book. Never did man more honestly and more deliberately examine the origin, foundation, and character of the Christian religion, than I have done; and I proclaim, that there is not a word of truth in the words that describe its system.

First—There is no such a God, as the Trinity in Unity, nor any such Gods, as Jehovah, Jesus, and Holy Ghost, in existence, other than as fabled personages, as the Gods of the Pagans were personifically fabled.

Second—Such a nation as the Israelites of the first fourteen books of the Bible never inhabited any part of Asia

Minor, prior to the the Babylonish Colonization at Jerusalem. And it is altogether a question, whether such a people as the Israelites existed, or, if they did exist, where. There is further, no proof whatever, that the Jews were descendants of this people of Israel. Such a people as the Jews, we have now in existence, and can trace them up to the colonization by Cyrus at Jerusalem; but no where beyond that point can we find a trace of them, other than as captives to the Persians. If the Jews descended from the Israelites, give us the origin of the epithet *Jew*, as one proof, and a most necessary, though most simple proof, of prior existence as a distinct nation.

Third.—No such a person as the Jesus titled Christ existed in Jerusalem or Judea as the books falsely called Gospels have fabled.

These are my three grand points in opposing the Christian Religion, and the fact, that I have condensed, and can maintain, these points, against all opposition; for I find none, is a fact in proof of an intense examination of the subject. What say you to these three grand points, Christian Judge Bailey? I arraign you as a criminal before the iron bars of that window, which you have fixed for me. Here is a charge against you plainly stated; have you any thing to say in answer? Your silence will be received as a plea of guilty. And, by and by, I hope you will meet that punishment, which is your just due, for assisting to punish me in the absence of all crime; for an act, or a series of acts, most highly meritorious, most strictly virtuous, most publicly useful. It is my glory, a glory exceeding any that you can obtain here or hereafter, that I have been, and am now, punished for being honest. My very enemies are obliged to confess so much. I had rather have to boast of this, than of all that a Wellington, or a Buonaparte, or a Judge Bailey can boast. And what a government! what must be the men or women who compose such a Government! that avows the necessity of punishing a man for being honest, and in the ratio of his honesty?

I will give you the conclusion of the note under consideration, being as complete a piece of Christian drivelling as was ever put upon paper; or spoken by a Christian tongue: it is thus: "If when our saviour has put into our hands the power of driving out Satan we do not choose to co-operate, but rather prepare ourselves to give him a welcome reception, we have no right to complain if we are worse off than if our Saviour had not given us this power." The

doctrine of that Church of which this is the Book of Common Prayer teacheth, that your Saviour driveth out Satan from whomsoever he will and does not leave it to be the choice of the individual as to which of these gods he will embrace and worship. It is a perfect drivelling to say, that, if we do not drive out Satan, it is our own fault, when that Satan is represented as possessing more than human influence. Ah! Judge Bailey! Your Gods are contemptible things. Your notes on the book of Common Prayer despicable.

We have another laughable note, on the Epistle for Tuesday in Whitsun week, Acts chap. viii. ver. 14, &c. "Then laid they (Peter and John) their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost." In a note on the word *laid*, &c. you say: "This was a point on which the Apostles could not well be deceived. They must have known whether the persons on whom they laid their hands did receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." How were they to know? You should have told us how! In a note, near at hand, you explain "in the spirit," as being a vision, or trance, that is, in a dream: and if this be a correct explanation, I understand spiritual matters better than I was aware of; for, I get "in the spirit" at times. I thank thee, Judge, for telling me what "in the spirit" means. It seems, by this explanation, that all religion, all spiritual matters, have their foundation in dreams. There is much to warrant this, both in the Old and in the New Testament. And as we begin to know what value to set upon dreams, we shall begin to reject this nonsense which is founded upon them, called *religion* and *spiritual matters*. Parson Wait of Bristol visited me the other day, and assured me, that the *body* as well as the *spirit* was to rise again to an immortal identity; but, I presume, that I may now content myself, upon your authority, that this was one of his dreams.

In a note, on the Gospel, which follows the aforesaid Epistle, you say: "if the means are bad, it is not unfair to infer, that the end cannot be good. You may judge by what he does, whether a man is an impostor, or not." May I not apply this axiom to your conduct towards me? May I not say, that, if your religion or Christianity were good, you would never have resorted to such means, as those you have towards me and others, to protect it? May we not judge you to be a religious impostor, since you fear and menace all serious discussion upon the matter of your religion? Can

your end be good, since you adopt such means to attain it? Can—enough, you stand convicted as a religious imposter, as a bad man.

We are now come to TRINITY SUNDAY! You felt the difficulty of the subject; and, instead of attempting to elucidate the matter with your pen, you have gone to Hooker for some words wherewith to make a note. The Collect prays, that the Almighty Trinity will give faith to the faithful to worship the Unity. Better had it prayed for knowledge to understand the mystery of the Trinity in Unity. Faith without knowledge is nonsense. In fact, there can be no real faith, where there is no knowledge of the thing to rest upon. Have you faith in the Trinity? Say what you know of the Trinity, that we, Anti-Trinitarians, may know on what your faith rests. But you confess, that you have no knowledge upon the subject—and where there is no knowledge, I repeat, there can be no faith. One of the Epistolarians of the New Testament has said, that, “Faith is the evidence of things not seen:” as if there can be evidence where no man has seen to make a true narrative! Upon the head, that “Faith is the evidence of things not seen,” nothing more is evidenced than that such Faith is evidence of fables. I will give your note upon the subject.

“Upon the subject of this great mystery, it may not be amiss to notice, with some little alteration, the humble language, of the great Hooker, Book 1, s. 2, p. 71. ‘Dangerous it were for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the *nature* of the Most High; whom although to know be life, and joy to make mention of his name, yet our soundest knowledge is, to know, that we know him not as indeed he is, neither can know him: and our safest eloquence concerning him is our silence, when we confess, *in humble contemplation*, that his glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach. He is above, and we are upon earth; therefore it behoveth our words to be wary and few.’” I perfectly agree with Hooker, that the less there is said about God the best, even to a total disuse of the word; but then, how did the recommendation tally with his profession as a Priest, where he was incessantly talking about that God, which he here confesses; in a serious mood, that he knows nothing about, and that, where there be ignorance, silence is the greatest eloquence? How does this recommendation tally with that priestcraft, which is incessantly prating lies about the God and his attributes? Cannot you see the contradic-

tion, the inconsistency, Judge Bailey, now it is so plainly placed before you?

Hooker says, that *it were dangerous for the feeble brain of man to wade far into the nature of the Most High*. If the brain of man be not strong enough for the enquiry, can you point out an animal that has a stronger brain, or more qualified for the task? The brain of man is strong enough for any enquiry; but it cannot convert fables into truth, shadows into substance, nor spirits into realities. Again, can you tell me how high the "Most High" is, and by what criterion you ascertain the highest thing or place? Where do you point, when you say above the earth—above a globe that presents every degree of its surface to every degree of the two hemispheres? Come, Judge Bailey, tell us something more explicit about this "Most High above the earth." I agree with Hooker, that our soundest knowledge, in this age of idolatry, is to know our own ignorance about the word *God*. This makes the whole difference between you and me, Judge Bailey, that I do and that you do not confess that you know your ignorance upon this matter. I am honest enough to confess ignorance, you still more ignorant are not. There you may see, that you and your *humble great Hooker* are assailable at all points. I would not be a Christian, to be so harrassed, for a trifle!

Perhaps, you will refer me to the fourth chapter of the Book of Revelations, which is here substituted for the Epistle to this Collect, as a description of Heaven and the Most High. The *Most High God* leads us to infer, that there are *lower Gods*.

The first thing I find in this chapter, is that there are doors or a door in heaven! To keep out what? The Devil? Or was a door made just to make St. Peter a placeman? How earthly, how material are all your spiritual things and places, when fairly examined!

The second thing we learn is, that speaking trumpets are in use in heaven. We are not told who spake through them; but we may easily fill out the omissions by the following dialogue, supposing an angel in heaven (it could not be very high) bawling to Saint John on earth.

ANGEL. (*with a large speaking trumpet*) St. John, A-hoi! St. John, A-hoi! St. John A-hoi! D'ye hear me, you material reptile, you creeping thing, you vile insect, d'ye hear, earth born?

ST. JOHN. Hallo! Hallo! In the name of God—who be you? what d'ye want?

ANGEL. "Come up hither, and I will shew thee, things which must be hereafter."

"And immediately," St. John, after being very drunk, "was in the spirit;" for the Book of Revelations must have been wholly written when its writer was *high in spirits*. I know nothing, that approaches so near to spiritualism, as drunkenness. It elevates us above every thing material; and for this reason, I have resolved never to be again drunk. Drunkenness is precisely suited to the spirit of a Christian. It spiritualizes his whole body.

St. John in heaven, he does not tell us whether he stood inside or outside the door, nor whether St. Peter was yet appointed door keeper; but whether inside or outside the door, he saw "a throne, and one sat on the throne, to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone"—a very pretty statue, doubtless, if it were carved from a brilliant. It must beat the Jupiters and all the Pagan Gentry, who were made out of common marble, or something far inferior to jasper and sardine stone. I dare say, that the chisel of Phidias never produced any thing like this spiritual Jewish God; though it was employed upon something more solid and more tangible.

And there was a rainbow round about the throne, insight like unto an emerald. An emerald is a green stone, and this must have been an Irish Rainbow, such as the King saw in Ireland. But St. John was so far fuddled, so high in the spirit, as to forget, or too ignorant to know, that there cannot be a rainbow without rain on the one side and a sun on the other. And if we are to have rain in heaven, all is not false that the Swedenborgians preach we shall want pattens and umberallas and houses for shelter, and coal or wood fires to dry ourselves after being caught in a shower. I see plainly, if St. John was really inspired to write this account of heaven, all is not to be fun, frolic, love and pleasure there. It is rather an odd and appalling circumstance, that none of the visionists, none of those who have been in the spirit, have ever seen any women in heaven. This circumstance has made it a question with the Mahometan women, whether they are to be restored to virginity, like the mother of Jesus, and admitted into Paradise. I can tell the Christian women, for their comfort, that it is a hundred to one against their admission to heaven—so they had better join me and partake of my material paradise.

"Out of the throne there proceeded lightnings and thunders." It must have been a cloudy and stormy concern,

and such as does not afford us much idea of comfort. A fig for such a heaven! I thought we were to have some fine place, where all was to be summer and love, harmony and serenity. Instead of that, we are to have thunders, and lightnings, and rains, and the very devil's work over again. I suppose, Jehovah will amuse himself with another deluge, when he gets tired of us and repents.

Again, there are to be all sorts of odd beasts in heaven, full of eyes before and behind! Why, zounds, Judge Bailey, I thought the Priests told us, that man was the only beast that had a soul to be saved. How comes it to pass, then, that there are to be beasts and birds in heaven? I am very glad, that I have ceased to be a Christian: I'll go to no such place. The beasts full of eyes and covered with wings, it seems, are to have the preference, or in the aristocratical slang, the precedence of *poor human nature spiritualized!* You, Chrstians, will be brought to a pretty pass in heaven! When the Beasts give the signal, you must fall down and worship the *brilliant* Jehovah! And you, Judge Bailey, seem to hint, in a note, that the Beasts are to be let into all the secrets of Jehovah "to understand God's mysteries" and and to "fly about every where and fulfill God's commands!" And pray, what are you and other Chrstians to do? To wait upon the beasts? To clean and feed this heavenly menagerie? This is a very pretty picture of God and heaven! I'll exhibit it in doggrel.

HEAVEN,

A MONGREL SONG, IN MIXED METRE, RHYME AND NO RHYME, to be sung to all tunes, by all who aspire to the possession of a hole or corner in the celestial mansion with one door!

Ahem! Ahem! Aha! Clear the wind-pipe before you begin.

MOTTO.

Book of Revelations, chapter the fourth.

I.

A door and a throne.
A God like a stone.
A Rainbow and Lightning,
And Thunder quite frightening!

With three legged stools* all around,
 To keep one's breech clean off the ground!
 Oh! what a queer place is heaven!
 Oh! what queer folks must be there!

II.

Twenty-four *elders* with crowns of gold,
 Why *old* in heaven we are not told,
 And lamps of fire to keep out the cold!
 Sing fol de rol lol—lol de—
 In heaven we'll merry be—
 As all but the Devil shall see,
 And *he'll die* to think of our glee.

III.

As cold as a stone, and as feral,
 As *Bailey* list'ning to a querele,
 Encircled, sits JAH, in emeralds,
 With beasts, full of eyes, as prime heralds!
 Singing Holy! Holy! Holly!
 Lord God and Mother Polly!
 We'll have *no women in heaven*,
 Since JAH can beget a *virgin-born*!

IV.

A sea of glass†—oh! what a sea!
 A contrast is a *glassen sea*;
 Glass is vitrified by heat,
 Fire and water could never meet.
 And shall we find a fishery,
 In this queer *glassen sea*?
 Is Neptune also vitrified?
 And all the fish already fried?
 And is there a celestial fleet,
 To convey our souls to JAH's feet,

* A three legged stool is the most correct emblem of the Trinity in Unity; and the Tripod, a kind of three legged stool, was an emblem of a three fold power in one or more of the Pagan Deities, and common as a sacred seat in the Temple and where oracles were delivered. St. Patrick taught the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity to the Irish Pagans by an exhibition of a piece of trefoil or three leaved grass. The Tripod, or sacred three legged stool, the seat of mystery, divinity, and oracular power, is the real origin of the doctrine of the Christian Trinity. Hence my authority for saying that the seats of the Elders in Heaven were three legged stools.

† "A sea of glass," as a figure, would have been much more applicable to hell, than heaven. It is very natural to suppose, that perpetual hell-fire must vitrify all the matter that comes near it. Or may we suppose, that heaven is a hell purified by a sufficient vitrification? This will accord with some of the Christian theories of a universal restoration.

Free from wrecks and all the toils
Of sea sickness and stormy broils?

Oh! what a queer place is heaven!

Oh! what queer folks must be there!

MORAL OF THE SONG.

Roar Lion, bleat Calf, shout Man, or clack Eagle,
Such heralds shall never *good sense* inveigle.
God of stone, Sea of glass, and Beasts full of eyes,
Can never impose upon the *chary* and *wise*.

There, Judge Bailey, I think that makes a very good
finish; so no more at present from your note-critic,

RICHARD CARLILE.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM
JAMES HALL.

“ACCORDING to the calculation of M. Olbers of Bremen, after a lapse of *eighty three thousand years*, a comet will approach to the earth in the same proximity as the Moon; after *four millions of years*, it will approach to the distance of seven thousand seven hundred geographical miles; and if its attraction equals that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated thirteen thousand feet and cause a second deluge. After *twenty millions of years*, it will clash with the earth.”

Now, Sir, if this account is true, and I cannot see any thing suspicious, we shall, after death, have a pretty long reprieve, before we are called up, at the day of judgment, to receive our much-talked-of dreadful sentences. Twenty millions of years is time long enough to look forward; therefore you may call on the brutalized Christians to cheer up; more especially, your neighbourly friend, Mr. Butterworth's class, who say and who preach that Hell is to be the *instant* lot of every one, who does not pay his money freely to the preacher, when he thinks proper to order a collection.

In the Republican of the 11th instant, you say that you cannot see how the Noblemen are taking ten millions a year, out of the people's labour. I have said, that the Noblemen do take ten millions every year from the people; and I now say, that they are taking *one hundred millions* of the people's property *in addition* to the ten millions a year. This

I think I shall be able to prove to your satisfaction, and to that of your readers too. But not now, I have not time.

The Peep at the Peers, shows that the Noblemen are now receiving, in pensions, sinecures and the like, nearly four millions every year out of the taxes; which are laid on every article that we consume! Suppose they spend two millions, then they have two left, with this they purchase something which is instantly *entailed*, that is to say, it is instantly *settled* on the *title*. The owner cannot make away the estate; it must go to the next *heir*. This is primogeniture with a vengeance. This property has no chance of ever coming back to the people. It is made fast to the title. The owners of all other property in the nation, may have, indeed they are almost *sure* to have, a spendthrift in the family, one who is heir to all, and who spends all, once perhaps in the course of a hundred years; then away goes all the property to be divided amongst the people again. Not so with the Noblemen! Not so with what the tax-gatherer takes from the people to the Noblemen; Each of them has only a *life interest* in his property! If he runs five hundred thousand pounds in debt, the moment he dies his debts are paid. O! rare primogeniture! What do you think of this, Sir? Do you not think that we are a parcel of the most despicable slaves in existence? But, I will go on a little further. The Noblemen vote one million four hundred thousand pounds every year to the King; for what they, in the slang of the day, call the civil list. Mind the members of parliament are mere tools to the Noblemen; therefore, vote in any way that they may think proper, no sensible man can blame them. It is the Noblemen that we must blame! They order the millions to be voted for new churches! They place all the parsons in their good fat livings; and they (the Noblemen) divide this one million four hundred thousand pounds amongst themselves or nearly so; because the King cannot expend more than two thousand a year, himself, for victuals, drink, and clothing. And that is good allowance too.

Suppose his servants, houses, carriages, and the dinners and money that he gives away, cost fifty thousand a year all together, then there remains thirteen hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds to be divided by the Noblemen. The sum added to the four millions a year, received by them in pensions and sinecures, I will say that all together, will make five good millions received by them every year. You will allow this to be a fair estimate, I think. Then, in order to make doubly sure of receiving this civil list allowance, all

themselves, there is an *act of parliament* which says, that no Gentleman *under* the rank of a Lord, shall be eligible to attend on the King; or, at least, that no Gentleman under the rank of a Lord shall fill such and such offices in the King's household. These offices have each from two to thirty thousand a year attached to them! Nice picking this! All that money comes out of our labour. Many thousands of our beds and cloaks have been sold to raise these different sums of money; and, now, when they have stripped us as naked as the back of my hand, they have repealed the combination laws! My letter is already too large, therefore I will conclude with wishing you out of that den that you have occupied five years for telling the truth.

JAMES HALL.

P. S. Iturbide is SHOT, Huzza.

SIR,

London, September 23, 1824.

IN my last letter, dated the 21st of this month, I gave you a pretty clear account of five millions of money, received regularly every year by the Noblemen, in pensions, sinecures, and salaries for the various offices in the King's household. You will allow, I think, that the statement made in the letter, is not an exaggerated statement. At any rate I do not wish to exaggerate; because, I shall, by and bye, be able to bring more against them than any honest man would wish to have brought against him. Indeed I have brought too much against them already; therefore I would rather be under than over the mark, in my calculations. However, under or over, the truth ought to prevail in all our accounts and actions. Though the late Lord Ellenborough declared on the Bench, that is, on the seat of justice, from which seat mercy ought to flow, that the TRUTH is a LIBEL! The word *Libel** means *defamatory*; or it means *to slander, to defame, to tell lies, to injure* our fellow creatures; therefore, when Lord Ellenborough said that the *truth* is a *Libel*, he said that telling the *Truth* is telling a falsehood. But, then, *mind the time*, when Lord Ellenborough said this, he was settling ten thousand pounds a year, out of the Taxes, on his Son! Here you see through Lord Ellenborough's meaning in a moment! He is settling ten thousand a year on his son, good man, good fa-

* I know of no meaning in the word *libel*, but a *book*—a *little book*—or a *piece of writing*. It wants an adjective to give it a character.

R. C.

ther; and, if I tell him, that this ten thousand pounds a year comes out of the Taxes on our Tea, Beer, Sugar and so on, I am guilty of Libel; that is to say, I am guilty of telling the *Truth*, and of course liable to be punished! This is very pretty Law! is it not? Yes; if I tell Lord Ellenborough, that this ten thousand a year comes out of the Taxes, I am guilty of telling a FALSE TRUTH: which is a thing that never was, nor never can be! You cannot tell a *false Truth*! A statement must be either true or false. The same words, *without any alteration*, cannot be true and false both at the same time! So much for Lord Ellenborough's law or justice.

I beg pardon for this digression, and will now return to my subject. Pray look at my last letter again, to be satisfied that I have fairly accounted for five millions, taken from us every year by the Noblemen! If you, or any of your readers are not satisfied, I will give any explanation in my power. Now, Sir, pay great attention to what I am about to say, because I intend to give you an account of more than five millions, taken regularly from us every year, in another direction, by the Noblemen! This five millions, added to the five millions accounted for in my last letter, will make ten millions, received every year by the Noblemen!

In my letter, dated August 29, 1823, in volume VIII. page 245, I said, "An honourable Gentleman in the House of Commons, acquainted the House, that we are *two millions more in debt now, than we should have been, had we never had any sinking fund*. I will suppose," said I, "that we have had a sinking fund forty years; for, if we have had one longer it is more against the Noblemen. Very well, then, the sum of five millions every year, during forty years, amounts to two hundred millions, and the two millions lost, makes the gross sum two hundred and two millions. Now, Sir," said I, "somebody must have received this sum, must they not? Yes; and I am now going to show you who has received it. The Noblemen have received every penny! and I shall presently show you how." I then showed you, that this five millions has been taken, every year, by them raising and lowering the Funds. The first dinner, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave this year, pulled down the funds two per cent; that is to say, the funds were two pounds in every hundred lower on that day, than they were the day before. But this reduction is a mere trifle; for the three per cent stock was at ninety-seven; and, in a week or two afterwards, that same stock was at ninety-two pounds to the hundred.

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On the 13th of March last, this stock opened at ninety-three one quarter; that is ninety-three pounds five shillings to the hundred; and then declined to ninety-two $\frac{7}{8}$. On the 16th this stock advanced to *ninety-four one quarter*; and then declined to ninety-three $\frac{5}{8}$. Here, in a few days, you see the fluctuation of this stock! One day ninety-seven; another day ninety-two; then ninety-three; then back again to ninety-two; then up to ninety-four; then down again to ninety-three, and so on, backward and forward, till the whole of the five millions, that should reduce the national debt, is gone. That is to say the whole of the five millions is swept clean off by the Noblemen. Now pay particular attention, while I show you how they perform this slight of hand work. Suppose, that my name is *Londsdale*, or Hertford, that my Drawing Room is burnished with Gold, all drawn out of the before-mentioned five millions; and that I intend to have Gold Doors to my Drawing Room! Very well then, my name is Hertford; I say to you, Mr. Carlile, I shall appoint you Chancellor of the Exchequer. I mean of my exchequer, of course, not the Exchequer of England. Then, as soon as I have appointed you to that Office, you see a Coronet, glittering before you, attached to twenty thousand a year out of the taxes; therefore you instantly lose the sight of your country: you are constantly studying how to please me; if you did not do that, I should instantly turn you out of the office. Very good; now you are in the office. You are one of the sinking fund Commissioners, to reduce the debt. There are five of you; and there are five millions of money; that is, one million for each Commissioner. You say to me, *My dear noble Lord*, who shall I appoint Stock Broker? I directly say, *Mr. Pincham* shall be your Stock Broker. I have agreed with Pincham, he well knows how to act for me! You say to him, Mr. Pincham, I have appointed you my Stock Broker. I am one of the sinking fund Commissioners to reduce the debt; therefore you must act for me on the exchange or in the Rotundo. Here is an order on the Bank of England, for one million of money, that has just been voted by parliament, out of the Taxes! And Mr. Pincham, you say smiling, you are authorized, by Law, to buy stock of, and to sell stock to yourself. Mr. Pincham opens his eyes, sticks up his shoulders and laughs most heartily! Stop Mr. Pincham, you have not heard all that I have to say on this heart-easing subject. You are to charge two shillings and sixpence, Brokerage money, on *every* hundred pounds stock that you

buy of yourself; and two shilling and sixpence for every hundred pounds that you sell to yourself. Mr. Pincham laughs as loud as a horse can neigh, and sings out O! our glorious Constitution in Church and State, as by Law established! But, Mr Pincham, you must divide the two shillings and sixpence Brokerage money, between you and me. O yes, O yes, Sir, to be sure. Take care Mr. Pincham to turn the million over often enough! Yes, Sir, I will turn it over every day! Shall I turn it over twice a day? No; Mr. Pincham once a day will do very well. But, stop, Mr. Pincham, suppose you turn this million over once a day, how much will the half crowns amount to? Mr. Pincham has his pencil out in a moment. The Brokerage money, on buying this million of myself, will amount to one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. Both grin and laugh till their sides shake again! A rap at the door. Who is there? a poor distressed beggar! O I see, he is a d——d impostor! send him away. Mr. Pincham you clearly understand all that I have said? O yes, Sir; very well. Away Mr. Pincham goes on to the Exchange, with an order on the Bank for one million of money. When he is arrived in the Rotundo, the first thing that he does, is to buy this million of himself. Very good, he has now bought it of himself. The half crowns, Brokerage money, amount to one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Pincham keeps the half, and gives you the other half. Mr. Pincham has six hundred and twenty five pounds; and you have six hundred and twenty five pounds. This is only one day's work, mind that! This one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds, is taken out of the million, that should pay off a part of the debt! The sinking fund Commissioners have, *during the last forty years, lost sixteen thousand pounds every day*, if we take out Sundays, in this manner! You will understand this pretty well, by the time that you have read thus far.

Now I step in. Now I Hertford step in. Now the game begins to flutter.

Mr. Pincham, the funds are ninety six I see. Yes my dear Noble Lord. Send them up to ninety seven! Yes my dear generous Noble Lord. Mr. Pincham gives a nod to his brethren; they buy all the stock that is offered for sale. Up the funds go to ninety seven. Mr. Pincham, yes my Lord. My Lord I came from your village this morning. O! what a good name you have; I have five hundred thousand pounds stock in the funds, I want to sell the whole.

And there are Tom Lonsdale, and Abraham Wellington, have each two hundred and fifty thousand pounds stock, in the three per cents; for, mind, we removed all our stock, out of the five per cent stock, before the reduction of that took place; therefore we are now receiving between five and six per cent for our money, while every body else is receiving only three, and about a half per cent. Mr. Pincham, you have a million of the nation's money; for he does not know that Pincham has turned it over every day, therefore you must purchase my half million of stock, Lonsdale's quarter million, and Wellington's quarter million; all together one million at *ninety seven pounds to the hundred*. Yes my fine Lord, I will purchase the whole. The stock is instantly transferred to Mr. Pincham; and the nation's money is instantly paid to us. Mr. Pincham has gotten the million stock, and we have nearly gotten the million of money. I, Hertford, instantly write to one of my brother noble picarooners at Paris; he promulgates news, that pulls the French funds down three or four per cent; for mind the French Noblemen have the sole command of their printing press; and of course they are interested, in pulling down and in sending up their funds, as we shall presently, see in the same proportion that ours are interested.

Now, Sir, the news is arrived in England; the French funds are four per cent *lower*; ours instantly fall five per cent, that is to say, our funds are at ninety seven, and instantly fall to ninety two. Then I, Hertford, with Tom Lonsdale, and Abraham Wellington, go to Mr. Pincham and purchase back the one million of stock at *ninety two pounds to the hundred*. Mr. Pincham gave us *ninety seven pounds* for every hundred; and we have given *ninety two pounds* to Mr. Pincham for every hundred pounds. Here we have cleared five pounds, on every hundred, that there is in one million. We have gained fifty two thousand pounds, out of the million of the nation's money that Pincham had. Mr. Pincham charges one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds *to the public*, for selling this million of stock, and he also charges one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds to the public for buying this million of stock of us. Mr. Pincham has lost fifty two thousand of the public's money; and he charges a half a crown to the public, for selling every hundred pounds stock; and a half a crown to the public for buying every hundred pounds stock; therefore Pincham has lost fifty four thousand five hundred pounds out of his million.

Fifty two thousand I, Lonsdale, and Wellington have gained out of Pincham's million. He charges two thousand five hundred pounds brokerage money. One thousand two hundred and fifty he gives you, and keeps one thousand two hundred and fifty to himself. So that Mr. Pincham has now only nine hundred and forty five thousand five hundreds pounds of the public's money, left out of the million that he carried into the Royal Exchange. I, and my two Noble brother picaroons, have swept fifty two thousand clear off; you have gained one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds; Mr. Pincham has gained a similar sum; and nobody has lost any thing. This is the way in which all the sinking fund is gone. Five millions, which should have paid off a part of the national debt, have been thrown completely into the hands of the Noblemen, every year since the sinking fund was first formed.

When Mr. Pitt, or some other Minister in parliament, boasted, in a triumphant manner, that this five millions of a sinking fund, would, in time, pay off the whole debt; Mr. Paine, that worthy good man, compared the proposition to a man with a wooden leg running after a hare, the further he ran the more he was behind. No observation could be more apt than this. Now, Sir, for saying this which is the truth, and for telling the people a few more nice little truths, Mr. Paine was burnt in effigy in almost every Town and Village in this Kingdom! What a base act! What punishment ought the crafty foxite Noblemen to receive, for recommending this effigy burning? They well knew that Mr. Paine was right; then what shall we say to them? I will explain this wooden leg running a little more fully. But, my letter is already too long, so I will make short work.

When Mr. Paine made the above observation, the nation was Taxed and Loans made to about ninety millions a year. Eighty five millions were spent, a part of which the noblemen divided amongst themselves; the remainder went to pay the Army, Navy, and so on. Five millions went into the sinking fund which has kept on sinking, till it has all sunk into the pockets of the noblemen in the manner before described in this letter. Thus fulfilling Mr. Paine's words to the very letter. He said the longer you go on, in your present system, the more you will be in debt! And we are two millions more in debt now, than we should have been, had we never had any sinking fund. Mind, I have never mentioned this two millions before in this letter, except

in the extract from my other letter. This two millions amounts to fifty thousand pounds a year; that is nearly one thousand pounds a week, all has been taken off the stock Exchange, along with the before mentioned five millions; all swept away by the Noblemen. Other people have received a part of this money; but, then, I will show you hereafter *how* the Noblemen work it out of them.

Now, Sir, you here see the manner in which the Noblemen have acted, to get all our money into their possession; with which money they have purchased nearly all the Land in the nation. Is it just for them to keep this Land, and to reduce the fundholder's income? I think, I have described, in a clear manner, how the Noblemen have taken our money! and, now, they say to the Ministers you must roar out most lustily against the debt. You must say, that it is the debt, that causes all the distress in the Country! Lay all the blame on the fundholders! Curse them! and say that they want to *enslave* the people! Get as many petitions against Slavery presented to the House as you can! Cry out Jews and Jobbers want to flay the poor people alive! But, mind, and take especial care, that you never once hint, even in the most distant degree, that we Noblemen have ever received one penny! Say that we have not received any part; and that the interest cannot be paid any longer; by that means, we shall shortly be able to sponge off the debt; then we shall have the nation in perfect slavery; more tight than the Negroes in the West Indies! I have not half done; but my letter is now too long, nevertheless I will just give you a copy of the French Law, on the funding system.

Here it is. "A Royal ordinance respecting the traffic in Rents, will shortly appear, according to which sales and purchases for *time* will be *Legally recognized*. But that *no judgment* shall be had *upon arrests* in cases of *non-payment*. The Brokers will be declared competent to cover themselves by collateral severity for the risk of the transaction. The number of Brokers to be limited to *sixty*. None to be admissible who have not been ten years on the exchange."

This is a pretty Law indeed! and a very near relation to our Law! What a thing! What a Law! What a real highwayman's Law! A French Nobleman may now go to one of their sixty Brokers, and say, Mr. Broker, I want to purchase one million of Francs for time. When the Nobleman

says this, the rents are at ninety seven francs to the the hundred. If the Rents are *under* ninety seven on *monday next*, I will pay you the difference; if they are *more* than ninety seven, you shall pay me the difference. When Monday comes the Rents are at one hundred; therefore the Nobleman has to receive three Francs out of *every hundred*, that there is in one million. A franc is ten pence. Three francs are two shillings and sixpence. One hundred francs is four pounds three shilling and fourpence. Then the Nobleman has to receive, from the French sinking fund Broker, two shillings and sixpence out of every four pounds three shillings and four pence. It is more than two and a half per cent, out of forty one thousand six hundred and sixty six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence. This sum is one million of francs that the Nobleman purchased, from the French sinking fund Broker.

The moment this French Law, on funding appeared, the printing press in France was instantly bought by the Noblemen, by the Ministers, and by their adherents. Still it did not answer the Noblemen's intention; therefore they have suppressed all printing except such as is laid before them. Now our Noblemen and the French Noblemen may work into each others hands with a vengeance! If I were a Minister in France at this time, I could, between this and the next Christmas, put a half million of money into my pocket. And I would take a half a million every year, till I had gotten an immense Estate. You see by the French Law, "that no judgments shall be had upon arrests." O! the crafty Foxes! If a cause were carried into a Court of Justice, some ignorant Babbler or other would let all out; therefore there are to be no law proceedings!

We have no occasion to wonder at Bloody revolutions taking place! Here in Europe, the Noblemen of every nation are linked together, in all sorts of ways. Giving each other notice, by the press when and how they are to fleece the people; to keep them in ignorance; to brutalize them; and to punish every honest man who endeavours to enlighten them!

In my next Letter, I will show you how the Noblemen are taking one hundred millions of our property. In addition to all that I have mentioned.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JAMES HALL.

SIR,

London, September 29, 1824.

AT the conclusion of my last Letter, dated the 23d of September. I said, "I will show you *how* the Noblemen are taking one hundred millions of our property, *in addition* to all that I have mentioned before."

This is a very serious charge! The very sound of one hundred millions of property, makes one's head sing again; and, when a man sees and well knows that this immense sum is changing owners, that it is now going from the industrious Bees into the combs of the greatest Tyrannical Drones that the world ever produced; to know this, to be perfectly satisfied that it is the case, and to contemplate on the subject, is enough to drive the contemplator stark raging mad! And, more particularly so, when he reflects, that while these Drones are taking this immense Load of honey, they stand humming and buzzing in front of their CHURCH Hives, with things like CORONETS and MITRES on their heads, bits of wax like *Bibles* round their Legs and Wings, the words, "*Holy religion*" written on their backs, and the most venomous poisonous stings imaginable, sticking into the *working* Bees; into those that gather honey, from the time that the Sun shows its face in the East, till it hides itself in the West; sucking those industrious little animals till they are perfectly dry, till their bodies are wasted to skeletons; and then murder them by thousands!

Alas! To see our Noble Gentlemen with Coronets and Mitres on their heads, *wise pates*, to hear their Tongues utter such melodious sounds, as *Nazzle*, *Task-box*, *Tol-lol*, *squeezed his mawley*, and, *fibbed his head under his wing*, is delightful. "Holy Religion" on their lips, "Blessed Bible" in their hands, making bargains with each other, for two blackguards to fight: describing the action in the most minute manner possible; how the Claret (Blood) flew; how the Ivory case (Mouth) rattled; how the Wind-Organ (Throat) hickuped; how the Blinkers (Eyes) struck fire; how the Daffy Bottle was applied; and how GENTLEMANLY the Master of the Rolls (Johnson) behaved: to see the Mitred heads, who receive thirty thousand a year out of the peoples' Labour, and who have "God sends" or "Wind's fall" of fourteen thousand pounds at once, going to political Meetings, there calling us ignorant and telling us to learn to read and write; then going directly to their house of wisdom, and making *Laws to prevent* us from learning, by laying a tax

or stamp of fourpence on the very thing that would learn us; and, in order to make doubly sure of keeping us in ignorance, they pass a Law, that a printed paper, with Common Sense in it, shall not be sold for less than sixpence, which we in the country receive for one day's wages; to see all this going on, to be sensible of the intention of the crafty foxite Coronets, and Mitres, who act in this false black-guard manner; to have the good of one's Country and fellow creatures at heart; to see the good honest men robbed ruined, then put into Gaols; there to lie for years, for only attempting to enlighten their own species, and to look at one's children, well knowing that they must be perfect slaves, is enough to rouse a sensible reflecting man's feelings to such a degree, as to cause him to commit destruction on himself!

I told you some time back, that I would make the glittering Splendent Coronets tremble and totter like an aspen leaf, for robbing, indeed totally ruining you; then putting you into a Gaol, commanded by the most unfeeling wretches in existence; keeping you there during five years, and, the whole of that time, endeavouring to murder you by inches. I will fulfill my word, if you live to publish what I write, rely on that.

Now, Sir, I shall begin to prove what is stated at the beginning of this Letter, namely, "that the NOBLEMEN ARE TAKING ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF OUR PROPERTY FROM US."

Let me beg of you to read every part of this letter with very great attention; because, unless you do that, you may not exactly understand me.

Now, Sir, for a little exposure! Now for a peep behind the curtain! Now I begin to bandy your greatest enemies about like a shuttle-cock. If you were taken out of your cold icy Dungeon, while you are reading this letter, put into a coach with the window blinds up, and never to see day light, till you arrive within three miles of London, on any road leading thereto, North, East, South, or West, you would not know the place! If you were to get out of the Coach between Hammersmith and Kensington, your hair would almost stand straight up. You would see all the very beautiful gardens, (at least that were) torn up by the roots! Buildings innumerable erected thereon; and a number of very pretty *Boards* stuck up, by our wise Aristocrats, with nice sweet alluring baits on them: such as this, "Money advanced, Bricks and Timber found here for building!" If you

were set down on the Croydon Road, you would stare like a stuck-pig. Here, as at Kensington, all the once fine Gardens torn to atoms, and not only *one Town*, but a number of *Towns*, all actually sprung up like mushrooms; in fact you would no more know where you are, till you arrive at Brixton Hill, and hardly then, than the greatest stranger in the world! Now, on the Canterbury Road, London, or what we call the Borough, extends beyond Black-beath! Then cross over the River to Limehouse, and into the Essex Road, you would bless yourself. No getting out of London at all till you are through Stratford! If you were to drive on the North Road, as far as Islington, then jump out of your Coach, you would sing out O! Handcuffing primogenial Sturt, where am I? Envy of surrounding nations and admiration of the world, answer me? O! Primogenial crew, with your ragged paper money, what have you been doing to my unfortunate Country? Where in the name of fortune have I been, while you have *enriched* this so very much envied thing? Sturt will not answer you; the word "*Adul tress*" has given him a tighter pinch than he gave you with his Handcuffs. Never mind him. Let you and I have a little talk! but let us go on to that Hill first! Here we are on the Hill. Now, Sir, you have the Metropolis of London, that "envied thing," before you. In and on the roads, fields, and places adjoining the roads, leading to this envious corrupting thing there have not been less than *three hundred thousand New Houses*, all built since you were placed under the command of those *sensible humane* Brutes at Dorchester. I will say nothing about the expence of all the New Churches, New Chapels, New Meeting Houses, New Gaols, New Work-houses, and New Watch-houses, that stand staring one in the face, at the corner of every Street! I will say nothing about the expence of any of these *Civilizing, heart-easing Bible* places! I will stick close to the expence of building the three hundred thousand houses only; though I might with justice, add fifty thousand more; but I would rather be under than over the mark. A lot of us shoemakers have been out every Sunday, in different directions, during the last nine months, endeavouring to count them, but it is impossible; for a hundred houses have sprung up in a week, all nearly close together. I am almost tired, Sir, let us sit down on that Green Sod. There you now see three hundred thousand new houses before you! Listen attentively one moment, while I bring a piece of unburnt clay before you too!

" SUICIDE.

" A respectable well dressed man was yesterday morning found with his throat cut, in the area of one of the houses, in the Temple near the water side. In his pockets were fifteen shillings and some half-pence, together with some papers which led to a discovery of his name and residence. It appears his name is Henry Rutenbury, that he was a *Master Builder* and Carpenter in Clerkenwell, and is reported to have sustained a large pecuniary loss from some extensive *buildings* in the neighbourhood of Spa Fields." There, Sir, you see the houses before you, they have caused this man's death. I will give you another account, while my hand is in, out of scores, though I am afraid of making my letter too long.

" Insolvent Debtors Court, Wednesday. Mr. Pollock, who was Counsel, for John Gamon an Insolvent, said it appeared by his papers filed in Court, that John Gamon had expended about TEN THOUSAND POUNDS in building houses in the last two or three years; five thousand of which he had received from his Father." What do you think of this? Ten thousand pounds lost by this man; and thirty Thousand lost by Rutenbury who cut his throat. Forty thousand pounds lost by these two individuals; both families ruined and living on Charity! Now, you have Mr. Pollock, with his brief in his hand. Mr. Rutenbury with his throat cut, and the three hundred thousand houses, all before you! You have the cause and the effects staring you in the face! Now I shall get on to the Backs of Our Noblemen, and take my word that I will ride them well.

It is very well known, that you cannot build a Hog's House in or near London, for less than than two hundred pounds. I will say that some of the New houses for labourers have cost that sum. Some have cost five hundred pounds. Some one thousand, some two thousand; and some more than that sum. In making a fair estimation, and in order not to be over the mark, I think, that I may, with justice average the expence of building each House, at five hundred pounds. Three hundred thousand new houses, multiplied by five hundred pounds, expence of each house, amounts to the enormous sum of *one hundred and fifty Millions of money*, expended on this species of property! This immense sum is in part *gone*, and my calculation is, that *one hundred millions* of it *will instantly go*, but the *whole* stands a very

fair chance of going, into the hands of the Noblemen. Some of them are taking two millions to themselves! Now, Sir, pay great attention, I am about to stick my spurs right into them. Three hundred thousand New houses built, and one hundred and fifty Millions of money expended. EVERY INCH OF LAND, or nearly so, on which all these houses stand, BELONGS to the NOBLEMEN! LEASES of this Land have been taken at an *enormous* price. The *ground rent* of some of the Labourers' houses is *eight* pounds a year. I have been informed that some ground rents of the Labourers houses, are *more* than that sum; but I believe, that the ground rents of this class of houses, are all let generally at from *four* to *eight* pounds a year. Then what are the ground rents of those houses that *face* the *Streets* and *Roads*? However, I will not, at present, say any thing about these; I will stick to my own class of houses. I will average the ground rents of the Labourers' houses at five pounds a year each. Now, Sir, is this not rent enough for any Labourer to pay, without paying one penny of rent to the owner of the house? Fifteen shillings a week wages, is about the sum received by the London Labourers generally; five pounds a year, two shillings every week, (besides what goes for water coals and so on) going out of the Labourers wages into the pockets of the Noblemen; and not *one penny for the rent of the house!* But, I have not yet mentioned the principal point of all: *sixteen* out of every *twenty* of these *three hundred thousand* houses are standing *empty*. Some of them have been built *three* years and some *longer*, yet they are all *unoccupied*.

But it is greatly in favour of a ground rent Landlord, that the house should *not* be occupied; because it will then *sooner fall into his possession*. The Noble ground rent owner receives his rent regularly; if not paid in proper time, his sharp Attorney sends a six and eight-penny harrow, with a point as sharp as a needle, at the owner of the house. This fetches the rent pretty quickly. The Noble ground owner stands no nonsense. He says "*my middle-man*" this "Learned Attorney" gave you a Lease, which says that you are to pay me so much money every year! Yes, Sir; Yes My Lord, says the poor owner of the house, the lease does say that; and I have *paid* you the *ground rent* regularly during the last *three years*, though the house has *never been occupied* since it was built; What is that to me? I made no agreement about the house being occupied; I insist of

you to comply to the terms of the Lease, or if not, I shall instantly take possession of the house! The poor owner begs hard to have a few weeks grace; during which time, he offers the house for sale by auction! The first question asked, is, what is the ground rent yearly? So and so! O! that is rent enough, keep the house to yourself! Every body stands aloof! Not a single shilling offered! The poor owner begins then to open his eyes, and his credulous ears, but it is too late, all is gone. He becomes stark raging mad, and cuts his Throat. If he has fortitude to withstand the shock, into a Gaol he is put, and his family into a workhouse! Here you have an account of some of the effects, caused by all these buildings.

The man who cut his throat, had lost thirty thousand pounds! He had with that sum, I will say, built sixty houses, each of which had, of course, cost him five hundred pounds! The ground rent of a five hundred pound house, would be *twelve* or, perhaps *fifteen* pounds a year. However I will say *ten* pounds a year. Sixty multiplied by ten makes six hundred, that is six hundred a year to the Noble ground rent Landlord, for these sixty houses; and not one of them occupied, or if three or four of them are occupied, the Tenants run away just as the rent is becoming due. The owner of these houses, may say to the ground rent owner, I have no money; I owe you six hundred pounds for ground rents; but I cannot pay you for the reason before stated. These houses *My dear Lord*, have cost me five hundred pounds each for building; will you take one house at that sum, and then I shall only owe you one hundred pounds, which shall be a mortgage on the remainder. Very well says the Noble ground rent owner, I will agree to that. He takes the house into his possession; and then puts up a paper with these words upon it: namely, "This House to be let at twenty pounds a year." This pulls down the price of the other houses. They all stand empty and the owner is ruined: while the Nobleman's house is instantly occupied.

Have I any occasion to say another word? It may be said that every man has a right to make as good a bargain as he can. But, in this case, he has not; because he has, by his slight-of-hand actions, put out, or caused to be put out, paper money that makes an acre of land worth one hundred pounds this year, and not worth ten pounds next year. You may, every day, read of insane propositions all formed by the Noblemen, but spouted out, by their adherents or un-

derlings. In order to keep the paper money out, I have been sometime expecting to hear a *proposition to make a Canal under ground from Westminster Abbey to Paris, taking particular care to go under the Good-win-Sands! One Million of unclaimed Dividends* has been taken by the Noblemen. I have not seen any account of what they have done with it. All goes into the gulf of despondency. Every nation that trusts its affairs into the hands of the Nobility and Clergy, is sure to be brought to destruction! Look at England and Ireland, the latter is the finest nation in the world, what pictures they exhibit! What starvation, what murders, and what hangings, have taken place lately! Such scenes were never exhibited before, in any nation in the world! Talk of the *Savage Ashantees*, go ye hypocrites into that country, there you will not, during a long life, see such horrid work as that, which has taken place here since the last Assizes! Both Nations filled full of Tax-gatherers, Exciseman, Police Officers, and Soldiers, all commanded by, and acting as spies to, the Noblemen! These Coronets are constantly talking most gloriously about Liberty, which is a word that they take especial care never to define. Look at the brave Greeks, say they! while their hands are in our pockets, turning them inside out! tearing the clothes off our backs, the flesh off our bones, and leaving us to perish by thousands.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
JAMES HALL.

P. S. I have not explained this subject so well as I intended when I began. It has taken up more time than I expected. I should have been more particular in explaining what the labourers' wages will be, in about twelve or fifteen years time, when the paper money is all drawn in; by that time the greater part of the debt called national, will be gone to the Christian's Devil! The paper money all nearly drawn in, a London labourer's wages will then be about ten shillings a week. The new houses will all be in the hands of the noblemen, who will call the late Lord Castlereagh every foul name that they can think of; because he wanted more banks to be formed, to get out the paper money: by this act they will say that he wanted to cheat the people out of their property!

Now, Sir, we have had a long chat on this Hill. Let us go home; and, when I get thither, I shall instantly have a

cup of water out of the tea-pot; then, when I have time, I will sit down to write another letter, in which I will show you how the noblemen have taken *more than ten millions* of of our property from us, during the last two years in another direction, in *addition* to all that I have mentioned before!

Stop a moment longer; tell Mr. Sturt that you cannot consent to have the hand-cuffs on a week; but, that, you will agree to have leg-bolts on that time, if he will go down on his knees to that Nobleman, who said that a pound of seven-penny sugar is enough to serve any farmer's wife a week, and desire him to call on the Bridge Street Gang, or any other Gang, to prosecute this letter.

Good bye,
J. H.

TO MR. R. CARLILE.

SIR,

London, September 27, 1824.

HAVING lately held some conversations with a worthy friend of liberty, given to believe on the superior intelligence of Astrologers in human events, believes human actions are dependant upon, and are directed by the influence of the Planets, in their conjunctions with each other and the earth—and that the course, circumstances, and life of every man, as he is born under certain positions of certain planets, is prescribed, beyond his power to counteract or controul.

I wish that some Astrologer of superior talents, well versed in astronomy and chemistry, would in plain language, divested of technical terms, honestly explain by what means the planet Mercury, for instance, operates upon the nervous fluid of an infant at its birth, to impel it through life to perform *nolans volens*, certain actions. Until some one can explain this, so as to be understood by people of common sense, Astrologers and their disciples must excuse me, when I say, that I consider the soothsaying of Astrology, like the prophecy of priests, to be all a delusion, which tends to keep the ignorant and credulous, enslaved to knaves and impostors.

Every art beyond the reach of common sense to under-

stand, preserved as a secret, and all *occult* science, I consider to be founded in error, or knavery, and retained for profit, or "to keep the dull rabble in awe."

"*The Age of Reason*" having commenced, the age of *plain dealing* and *honesty* must soon follow: I sigh for the commencement of that age, and cannot consider Astrologers honest, until they explain how the *heavenly bodies*, or more properly speaking, how the planets, in their motions can influence the affairs of man.

Until they can or will do this, I shall class them with the visionary priests, and look upon their art to be all a juggle—and though they are opposed to each other, or at least the priest to the astrologer, I shall consider that they both follow up the deception, to extort money from their credulous and ignorant devotees.

As your pages, Sir, are devoted to the exposure of every species of fiction and superstition—probably you will admit this into the Republican, and say something towards curing any of your friends of their hallucinations, that may happen to believe in astrology and soothsaying.

I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES WATSON.

No. 4, Huges Court, Greek
Street, Soho.

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